

Van white clouds were piled in sunlit masses. After halting at Tadvan, a pleasant village among streams, fountains, gardens, and fruit trees, we skirted the lake along pleasant cultivated slopes and promontories with deep bays and inlets to G-udzag, where I spent the evening in an *odah*, retiring to sleep in my small tent, pitched in the village, where a big man with a gun, and wearing a cloak of goatskin reaching to his feet, kept up a big fire and guarded me till morning. The water froze in my basin during the night. The *odah* was full of Armenians, and Murphy interpreted their innumerable tales\* of wrong and robbery. " Since the Erzerum troubles," so the tales ran, "the Kurds kill men as if they were partridges." On asking them why they do not refuse to be robbed by " demand," they replied, " Because the Kurds bring big sticks and beat us, and say they will cut our throats." They complained of the exactions of the *zaptielis* and of being tied to the posts of their houses and beaten when they have not money wherewith to pay the taxes.

Starting at sunrise on the following morning I had a very pleasant walk along the sweet shore of the lake, while water, sky, and mountains were blended in a flood of rose and gold, after which, skirting a wooded inlet, on the margin of which the brown roofs of the large village of Zarak were scarcely seen amidst the crimson foliage, and crossing a low range, we descended upon a plain at the head of a broad bay, on the farther side

of which,  
upon a level breezy height, rose the  
countless monoliths  
and lofty mausoleums of Akhlat, which I had  
made a long  
detour to see. The plain is abundantly  
watered, and its  
springs were surrounded with green sward,  
poplars, and  
willows, while it was enlivened by numerous  
bullock-  
carts, lumbering and creaking on their slow  
way with the  
latest sheaves of the harvest.

After winding up a deep ravine we came  
upon a great